

THE COUNTY PAPER.

By DOBBS & WALKER.

ORRONG. MO

IN SCHOOL DAYS.

JOHN G. WHITFIELD.

Still sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sunbeams glow,
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial.

The charcoal frescoes on its walls;
The choir's worn altar betraying
The feet that crept slow to school
West, storming out to playing.

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window panes
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls
And brown eyes, full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled;
His cap pulled low upon his face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered,
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eye; he felt
The soft hands' light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault could be finding.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
I hate to go above you,
Because," she brown eyes lower fell—
"Because, you see, I love you."

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child face is showing;
Dear girl, the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing.

He lives to learn in life's hard school
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumphs; but man
Like her—because they love him.

OUR COLONEL'S STORY.

Or, a Ship 'Twixt the Cup and the Lip.

London Society.

"You all know Sandy McPherson?"

"Intimately." "Perfectly." "As well

as my own brother, sir!" most of us

replied, though, if the truth be told, there

was not a man at that mass-table who

had ever heard of Mr. McPherson before.

You see it was the commanding

officer who spoke, and he was always

risky saying him nay when he expected

yes.

"They used to call him, you recollect,

'the Great Unwashed'; a vulgar but

appropriate sobriquet nevertheless,"

continued the chief. "Great, on account

of his burly and preciously ugly person;

unwashed, by reason of his accredited

seant acquaintance with brown Windsor,

spring water and the functions of the

thirteenth and thirteenth, i. e., tailors

and washermen of the land.

"On his coffee estate in the moun-

tains, and among his undraped and

unscrubbed crew, he was a man of

comforts and conveniences of life went

for nothing, perhaps it was even in

keeping with the surroundings; but when

he came down to this city, walked in

its public gardens and esplanade, or show-

ing with its own people, he was a

man who spoke, and he was always

risky saying him nay when he expected

yes.

"But disadvantages of person and at-

titude notwithstanding, he was a right

good fellow, that man, and his heart

was honest, hard working, thrifty, sim-

ple minded; and from being a mere ad-

venturer without interest, friends or

money, he had, self-helped only, saved

up the lawless little by little; had

bought patch after patch, here after

of Virginia, and down its line, in-

stead of it, planted it; and now he

squatted down free from encumbrance

on Ailsa Craig as he called his property,

as pretty and as fruitful a small coffee

estate as could be found in one of the

picturesque districts of this lovely is-

land.

"I wish I could give you even a faint

idea of the exquisite beauty of its

scenery, as I stood on a range of lofty hills

looking out on still higher mountains,

clothed to their summits with hoary

forest trees. I wish I could paint that

mighty waterfall, and down its face

as it came tearing over beds and

boulders of rock, tumbling with an in-

cessant roar into a foaming river below.

I would I were able to picture the slopes

I am speaking of had met with in even

this overstocked matrimonial emporium.

The Angelfalls, the Hunters, the Hook-

ers, lots of girls whom I will not name,

had snubbed or turned up their pretty

noses at him when he came a wooing; and

as a *valentia*, he remained a bachelor,

anathematizing his ill-luck, and venting

his disappointments upon the backs of

shrieking and recumbent Tamil coolies,

the recognized natural enemies of coffee

and the seagoats of its cultivators.

"Then as a last resource he sought

among his brethren the berry around

count, as to the most advisable method

of getting the so-needed helpmate; and

the first man he consulted was Herr

Thaler, a successful and rich German,

whose estate bordered on Ailsa Craig.

"So, so," said that personage. "Zere

is nothing more easy. Zave off zat rag-

ged button in zat zee zee old cloth-

not fit for 'Ondelitch or any Jaden

Strasse, buy von big too, mien friend,

get some Europe-muster coats, and zen

return to ze fraubien and vidderfraus vid

ze monish bags in ze'ands. If zey will

not 'ave you, ze vill take ze rupeel; trost

'em for zat, my zohn."

"But the recommendation was un-

palatable, and to a great extent im-

practicable, so another *fidus achilis* was

appealed to one Jack le Geste, a man

much addicted to chaff and practical

joking.

"In this land of pearls and precious

stones, go, dear boy," said Mr. G.

"From Donora Head to Point Calanier—

north, south, east, west—the women

won't look at you; that you have found

out long ago. Give up hunting, then,

in these off-trod Colonial fields, and

draw the home covers. Don't you hap-

pen to know any bonnie lassie in your

'Caledonia stern and wild,' or a

pretty colleen in the isle of shellfishes

and shamrocks, who would be glad to

share curry and rice with you? Go and

try those parts; if not, have a haphaz-

ard shy at where I hail from—the Chan-

nel Islands. Spins, —ay, and precious

good-looking ones, too—are as plain as

the nose on your face, and maybe

one of them might be induced to clear

out in your favor. Falling these islets,

I know of no other dodge than indent-

ing upon one of those co-operative as-

sociations which furnish everything, even

a better half, for a man, and man

they keep a roster for foreign service

in their offices: first lady on the list, plain

or pretty, first for duty; you pay your

money but you don't take your choice."

"But these suggestions also were

considered out of the question. Pre-

sently, however, a thought struck

McPherson.

"Le Geste," said he, "when I was a

boy there lived in the neighborhood of

my father's manse a widowed lady with

two or three then we, very wee, daugh-

ters, from what I can recollect of

them, she was a fine, tall, and

seemly woman, but she was a

bles, whatnot, then his apparent indif-

ference and his 'nigger' tongue could

hold out no longer.

"Why, master, kick up all dese bob-

beres? What for he want all dese things

on wattle? (estate) he inquired.

"A young lady is now on her way

from Scotland to marry me, Tamby."

"Marry! Dorry (master) going take

wife after all dis plenty long time to too

well widout?"

"Yes!"

"Den, master, please, I discharge

you, est. No my custom stop wid lady

in bungalow. Master's missus come,

master's appo go. Master take choice."

"As the time for the arrival of the

Queen of Serindib drew nigh, awful

were the fidgets of our hero, and many

days before it was possible for that slow

walker to reach her port, he was

there walking about with a big binocu-

lar in his hands, looking out seaward,

and entreating all sorts and conditions

of men for the very earliest news of her

being sighted. The fact was that the

rough-seamed old fellow was on the

tender hooks of anxiety and expectation,

as nervous as a school girl, and behav-

ing as such.

"Then at long last it was told him

that the vessel was in the offing, was

rounding the point, was at anchor in the

harbor; and in the Master Attendant's

boat, cushioned, flagged and bedecked

for the auspicious occasion, Sandy Mc-

Pherson, Esquire, of Ailsa Craig, plied,

rowed, alerted, and in the twinkling of

an eye, the native spectator observed.

"Scrambling up the side, he took a

hasty glance at the many passengers as-

sembled on the poop; and, instinctively

guessing that Miss Ellie was not among

them, he dived below and confronted

the stewardess.

"Miss Needum on board and well?"

"Yes, sir," replied the matron; "and

a very nice, good, kind, pleasant young

lady she is, and I've taken the greatest

care of her." She felt sure that the

gent was Miss N.'s husband to be, and

there was none in his purse for a

gratuity, notwithstanding that, accord-

ing to the terms of the passage-money

steward's and stewardess's fees were in-

cluded; a fiction, gentlemen, a pleasant

fiction, which you will find out when

you go down to the cabin, from the

man." "Take this card to her," said

the pale and trembling gentleman. "I'll

wait her coming up in the far corner of

this saloon."

"Glancing at the paste-board the wo-

man disappeared; and presently there

ascended, step by step, from the regions

below, a pale, thin, and somewhat

with bright ribbons, beneath that

face somewhat worn with years and

cares, but still fresh and comely enough;

then a slight compact figure draped in

plain well-fitting garments, shawled

and ready for the shore. Miss Ellie,

in propria persona, stood before her hand-

some, her hair, her eyes, her

AN AIRY WEAPON.

The Sumptuous, or Blow-Fule, of Matsaya.

London Field.

The projectiles used are darts, vary-

ing from five to eight or nine inches in

length. The Dyak was dart is the short-

est, and is usually furnished with a

small metal arrow head. In this case

the shaft is of light wood. The longer

darts, such as those used in Sumatra,

are made from a harder and heavier

wood, usually the long spikes taken

toward the point than at the other end,

so as to counterbalance the weight of

the conical piece of pith there affixed.

This piece of pith, the broadest part of

which is very little less than the

core of the blow-tube, is absolutely

necessary for the forcible propulsion of

the dart. As it does not fit the tube

precisely, there is necessarily some

escape of force. For this reason, when

very hard shots are desired, a small

pellet of cotton or other suitable fibrous

material is pushed into the dart. The

great secret in making the darts is to

insure that they balance exactly, i. e.,

one half must be exactly the same

weight as the other. Under any other

conditions true shooting is impossible.

In Padrang, Sumatra, I was much as-

tonished to meet a man using for very

small birds darts constructed out of co-

conut tree leaves. He took a spike of

the leaf, cut off a piece about five

inches long. The stalk of this de-

duced of all leaf except one piece an

inch and a half long on one side, the

result being an article having the shape

of a quill, with the inch and a half